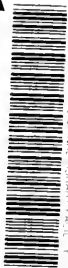


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Every day Poems



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EVERY DAY POEMS

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EVERY DAY POEMS

BY

DRUSILLA MARY CHILD

(MRS. HAROLD CHILD)

LONDON

ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET

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To my Husband

HAROLD CHILD

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EVERY-DAY POEMS

In the Woods

DANCING sunlight
Through the trees,
Song of summer
On the breeze.

Cool green alleys,
Mossy hollows,
Where Youth dallies,
Where Love follows.

Song of a wild bird,
Scent of flowers ;
Blessed peace
The wood embowers.

Fireflies proudly
Spread their wings ;
Bees hum loudly,
The woodland rings.

IN THE WOODS

In the shadows
Fox-gloves grow ;
'Neath the willows
Streamlets go.

As the night-time
Comes on grayly,
Fays and fairies
Peep out gaily.

The sleepy owlet
Watches gravely
As the fairies
Dance so suavely.

While the fairies
Weave their spells,
Fairy hands
Ring fairy bells.

Rash the mortal
Who should trace
The fairies' haunts,
Their revels' grace.

Under a dreadful
Fairy ban
Would rue his fate
That doomed man.

The Dead Poet

No more with Pan he walks the woods,
No more the breezes bear his song ;
No more he questions Nature's moods,
Nor flings high pæans the skies along.

The mountain tops no longer bow
To yield their secrets to his ear ;
The sun no longer sheds its glow
To light his smile or dry his tear.

The fleecy clouds float by unsung,
The fair moon lacks his song of praise.
His great heart's still, his knell is rung ;
In Mother Earth's embrace he stays.

Sonnet

WHEN sorrow sets her crown upon thy brow,
I feel its thorns pierce through my aching heart :
When suffering strikes thee with her iron dart,
Beneath its blows I feel my spirit bow.
When fortune with her bays doth thee endow,
From my soul all evil spirits do depart :
When clothed in joy's rich panoply thou art,
My soul leaps up its happiness to avow.

Where'er thy wandering feet by land or sea
Lead thee, my loving troubled prayers go too ;
Where'er thy wandering thoughts take thee from me,
I pray like homing birds they soon return.
And when life's little lamp ceases to burn,
I pray 'twill leave my memory green and true.

Summer Song

COME out ! Come out !
The song-birds are calling you,
The breezes are telling you
Summer is come.

Come out ! Come out !
The sun is awaiting you,
The flowers are nodding you,
Summer is come.

Come out ! Come out !
The heavens are blue for you,
The green fields are spread for you ;
Summer is come.

Come out ! Come out !
All nature is calling you,
The winter is gone from you ;
Summer is come.

The Country-Side in May

THE fitful sun shines out on budding trees
And hedgerows showing through a mist of green ;
The thorn, with fair white petals gaily decked,
Throws bridal mantle over wood and dene.

The smiling fields are dressed in freshest green,
Set out with cowslips and with daisies pied ;
The shaded wood-path is the primrose path,
With tall blue-bells like sentinels beside.

The blackbird with his gay victorious note
Ladens the listening breeze with music rare ;
Hard by, the mellow song of thrush rings out ;
The birds their part in Nature's chorus bear.

The lambs are resting, tired out with play,
Close to their patient mothers' sheltering side ;
And new-born calves are sporting on the grass,
Old Nature wakes to summer far and wide.

Defying still the golden sunbeams' power
The wintry wind yet holds its lingering sway ;
But Nature's children tell that Spring is here,
And waiting earth puts on her bright array.

Inspiration

My soul rises aloft with eagle's mighty pinions,
Strong to cleave the radiant azure vaults above,
Striving to fly far away from Earth's too strait
dominions,
Led by celestial fires the courts beyond to rove.

My soul floats on the ether's opalescent seas,
Like a boat of pearl with silver masts and snow-
white sails
Its course is shaped by sun and moon and every
breeze,
It carries its freight—dreamings that the day
unveils.

My soul soars up to the golden kingdom of the stars,
To find a pathway sure to the radiant Isles of the
Blest,
To storm the fiery gates of the world with the golden
bars,
To know the hour of ecstasy before the hour of
rest.

The Awakening

SWEET falls the thrush's first shy note
Upon the light expectant air ;
Shimmering dewdrops, earth's silver coat,
Tremble and melt at sound so rare,
And Nature stirs in her winter sleep,
To rise refreshed, Spring's revels to keep.

And all the flowers asleep in her arms
She flings broadcast amidst the dew.
Sweet drooping violets are filled with alarms,
And snowdrops frail their beauties renew,
And crocus and tulip vie for the prize
For colours that dazzle winter-dulled eyes.

Primrose turns up her bright, lovely face
To the fleecy clouds that sail the sky,
And daffodils take their graceful place
In the midst of the floral galaxy ;
Narcissi aloof mystic petals unfold,
And hyacinths stand out stately and bold.

The air is sweet with the scent of flowers ;
The sunbeams chase the dim grey mist ;
The trees stretch their branches forth to the showers ;
Opening green buds their sheaths untwist.
The grass spreads a carpet green and bright ;
Dark winter flies before the light.

Sails

WHITE sails hovering over the sunlit sea,
Like great birds brooding lazily ;
Brown sails racing over a winter sea,
Or, like brown moths, hanging o'er a crystal globe
drowsily ;
Red sails mirrored in a sun-dyed sea,
Like gaudy butterflies fluttering gorgeously ;
Grey sails flitting over a moonlit sea,
Like dim ghosts passing noiselessly.

Sails going North,
Sails going South,
Going out to the sea from the river's mouth ;
Sails going East,
Sails going West,
Sails going out on a glorious quest.

Sonnet

AN almond tree stands in a garden fair
With flower-decked boughs outstretched to the pale
spring sky,
Like a maiden's pure fresh love that will not die,
Spreading its fragrance through the delicate air.
A red rose-tree stands in a garden rare,
Flaming like woman's love passionately,
That's lightly gathered by a passer-by,
The secrets of the inner shrine laid bare.

And these are the two loves I have brought to you
For you to take or leave just as you will,
In memory of the days of fire and thrill
When all the world was ours for a short span.
I the one woman, you the only man,
Found in each other's arms our dreams come true.

Easter Lilies

EASTER lilies fair and sweet
Fading in a London street ;
Piled in market-basket high,
Blossom by blossom close they lie.

Their lovely petals pure and fair
Send fragrance to the stagnant air ;
The city's toll of dust and soot
Falls softly on each tender shoot.

Torn from their fresh and shady bed
Ere from their hearts the dew had fled,
They fill the town with radiance bright
Of virgin blossoms pure and white.

Easter lilies pure and sweet
Dying in a London street,
Shed o'er me your fragrance rare,
Fill my heart with memories fair.

Wings

(TO MY SISTER KATE)

LOVE brings us glorious wings,
To lift us to realms of heavenly fire ;
But we scorn the gift that he brings,
And drag his bright plumes in the mire.

Suffering brings us silvern wings,
To help us to heaven's gate ;
But we throw aside the gift that he brings ;
We cannot bear the weight.

Sorrow brings us golden wings,
To take us up to God's feet,
But we will not have the gift that he brings ;
We find our tears so sweet.

Midsummer in the Cotswolds

THE royal sun flings down his burning ray
Over the parched fields and the drowsy elms.
Under the hill-side bask the grey old farms
Flecked with gold by sunbeams' radiant sway.

The cattle shelter by the long stone walls,
Finding no pasture green for thirsty throats ;
The new-weaned calf seeks wildly for its dam,
The frenzied mother loud and vainly calls.

The birds are silent—their glad love-song done,
And silence reigns throughout the country side ;
The flowers turn smiling faces to the sky,
The roses flaunt their beauty to the sun.

The scent of hay hangs in the sultry air ;
The patient teams slow drag the loaded wains,
To the great ricks which hourly higher grow
Against the winter's dearth store to prepare.

Then twilight falls, and long slow shadows creep
O'er the great hills, and silvery mists arise.
Now slowly sinks the crimson sun to rest,
And here's the moon to soothe the world to sleep.

The Lonely Heart

ALONE I go down the world's highways,
With no one by my side.
Wearily go the lagging days
That past me slowly glide.

Journeying along in a constant stream
I see the throng go by ;
It passes me like a crowd in a dream,
While heart-cry answers cry.

Hearts are there linked by friendship's band,
And comrade true to his mate,
And lovers go by hand in hand
Through Dreamland's beautiful gate.

Mothers lead children along the way,
Husbands guard wives' fair feet.
Fathers toss babes on shoulders gay,
And Age finds Age to greet.

All, all have a comrade on the road,
But I go sad and lone.
The thought is a torture to prick and goad,
Till all my days are done.

Rain

THE lowering clouds, sombre and grey,
Unload their flood-gates o'er the day ;
The long-prisoned rain rushes down
Out of the menacing skies that frown.

It glistens upon the country ways,
It trickles down windows, and a melody plays
On the glass and the echoing roof,
A melody strange and aloof.

The roadsides turn to hurrying streams,
The pathway with wet brown mud gleams ;
The trees shake raindrops off their boughs,
The rain their beauty fresh endows.

Lifting glad faces to the shower
The blossoms and buds greet the hour
And all the air is fragrant with scent,
Out of the warm wet earth unpent.

When the clouds have floated away
Blue skies take the place of the grey ;
The sun flings down victorious rays,
And the birds ring a chorus of praise.

Snow

THE pure white flakes come softly down,
Tenderly cloaking the drab and brown.
Old Earth appears in fairy dress
Under the rule of Winter's stress.

Like angels' frozen breath it falls
On humble roofs and stately walls,
Giving the world a look remote,
In the vast ways of the heavens afloat.

The birds sit silent all and cowed ;
A hush spreads o'er the world in shroud.
The sun shines out from the pearly sky,
And flings roseate rays as the hours fly.

Then the world of dreams melts away
Before the approach of the coming day ;
And the Earth rejects her fair white dress
When its beauty is spoiled by mortal impress.

The Path of the Moon

THE moon throws her silver veil over the darkening
seas,
Changing the black depths to emerald, pearl and
crystal transparencies,
While the wailing night-winds sob o'er the waters vast
and wide,
In answer to the moaning waves, the crooning song
of the tide.

The moonbeams hover like angels' wings over the
restless seas ;
'The billows' crest is silver foam, flinging aloft in the
breeze,
Like some huge angry monster bewitched by the
white moon's spell
Murmuring hoarsely the turbulent seas in one great
chorus swell.

The moonbeams seek all the hidden things that lie in
the seas below,
The creatures that haunt the caverns deep, and the
mermaids' locks aglow ;

THE PATH OF THE MOON

They touch the masts of the sunken ships that quietly
wait at rest,
And light the glassy eye of the sailors dead on the
ocean's breast.

To sail in a boat on the summer seas in the silver
path of the moon,
With the friend of your heart to sail with you, and all
your soul atune !
To sail away on the sea of dreams, till you come to
the fairy shore
Of the jewelled Isles of Fantasy, to live there the
dreams of yore !

Dawn over the Sea

LIKE Venus rising radiant from the sea,
Dawn comes enshrined in cloudy mystery,
Flinging her opal veils o'er the lashing waves,
She steals a rosy veil from the sun
Of the finest gossamer sunrays spun,
And thus adorned the waking world enslaves.

Flames

FIRE'S crown of high festival,
Leaping and soaring to the skies ;
Fire's great jewelled chasuble,
Sparks that fall and rise.

Little blue flame that foretells
The passing of some fair young soul.
Violet hues round the sorcerer's spells,
Glow from his mystic bowl.

High, lambent, emerald flames
From Satan's jewelled scone flare ;
Yellow and orange he claims
For his angry lightning's glare.

Great, transparent, pure white flames,
Guardians of the soul inspired,
Borne aloft from all that defames,
With beauty and ecstasy fired.

A Christmas Song

COME, ye children, join your voices
In the chorus that rejoices
That a Child is born to-day.

Scarlet berry, drifting snow,
Frozen streams in sunrise glow
Greet the Child that's born to-day.

Shepherds watching all the night long
See a star born, hear the birth song
For the Child that's born to-day.

From the Far East ride the Kings
Bearing mystic offerings
To the Child that's born to-day.

This, O children, is your fête-day,
In your likeness glad and gay
To the Child that's born to-day.

Happy children, joyous only,
Children sad at heart and lonely,
Love the Child that's born to-day !

Love and Life

O LIFE! O Love! O mysteries divine!
Lamps set by heaven before our feet to shine!
And yet they are but one, for if Love's gone
Then Life may go with it, for Life is done.
And let us fold our hands above our weary breast,
And wait for Death to take us hence to rest.

The Snowdrop

THOU fairy fragile lovely thing,
Earliest herald of the spring,
When first thy tender beauty shows above the ground,
Oft the snow vies with thy white petals around.
Fearless thy brave spirit withstands the icy winds,
Thy slender stem a firmer foothold finds;
Pure as the soul of a babe who has died,
Torn from an anguished mother's side;
Pure white soul and pure white flower
Gathered to blossom in heavenly bower.

Dartmoor

THE giant tors like sleeping lions spread
Their Titan forms beneath the stooping clouds,
Or like some fortified city, silent, dread,
The opal mist each kingly crest enshrouds,
Where rushing streamlets, to the song of bees,
Meet in the vale and together seek the seas.

The heather's purple veil rests o'er the moors,
And bracken turns from green to russet brown,
Waving its stately plumes to the distant tors.
The clear keen breezes blow from sea to down;
And cotton grasses hide the deadly swamp,
Hung o'er the wanderer's grave, a starry lamp.

O Land of mystic breath, silent, apart,
Where prison walls face grim old rocks of grey,
Where littleness falls off like some false art,
Where souls are born, where Nature holds her
 sway;
O Land where hope revives and sorrows cease,
Abiding place of Beauty and of Peace!

The Four Winds

THE cold, cruel wind sweeps down from the North,
The strong, true North !
Snowflakes on the icy air make a cloak
To wrap the world in white folds unbroke,
Till the sun comes forth.

The wind comes up from the sun-kiss'd West,
The soft, warm West !
Bearing on its breeze the scent of flowers,
The murmur of summer woods and showers,
The wind of the blest.

The keen strong wind comes far from the East,
The wind from the East !
Across the steppes' bleak cold, barren leas,
It comes with rushing and whirling o'er seas,
Winter's High Priest.

The wind blows soft and sweet from the South,
The treacherous South !
It brings on its wings all the fond lovers' sighs,
Its breezes are laden with Cupid's soft lies,
The breath of his mouth.

The Rainbow

ACROSS the shimmering grey of the rain-drenched sky
Heaven flings its gorgeous streamers gaudily ;
The skies reflect the earth in enchanted mirror fair,
And dower it with a girdle of colours rare.

Roseate for beauty, blue for promise of joy,
Gold for phantasy, and purple for pain's alloy ;
So raised high aloft o'er earth and sky and sea,
God's triumphal arch heralds eternity.

Constant Love

I LOVED you in the springtime of your life,
When you were young and brave and gay ;
You rose to meet each splendid day
Eager to win fresh victories in the strife.

I loved you in your glorious summer-time,
When you thought the world was made for you,
That all you loved were good and true,
And all your golden gifts were in their prime.

I love you in the autumn of your days,
When life's dead leaves are falling fast,
And the glamour of the world has passed,
And you have wearied of your faded bays.

I shall love you in the winter of your days ;
I shall love you till the parting of the ways.

Sea-Fog

I FLOAT in my boat on a sleeping sea,
With a dull grey veil 'twixt the world and me.
An enfolding Presence, the dense mist falls ;
It deadens the waves and the sea-birds' calls.

And the great grim monsters of the deep
Suddenly from out the thick fog creep ;
Ghost-ships come close with mist-dimmed eye ;
From the shore sounds the fog-horn's warning cry.

I have lost the sea, I have lost the earth,
Hanging poised 'mid sky and sea, as a soul at
birth,
Alone in space, with the mist wrapped round,
Blinded and dulled, I wait till the sea-shroud's
unwound.

A Lament

A BUNCH of purple heather

(Oh heart, my heart!)

From the place where my love lay slain

In the bitter wintry weather

(Oh heart, my heart!)

Ah me, the grief and pain !

Who could have the heart to slay

(Oh heart, my heart!)

And put his soul to flight—

One so young and brave and gay

(Oh heart, my heart!)

My loyal, my perfect Knight ?

And I am left forlorn

(Oh heart, my heart!)

To weep and curse the day ;

My heart in two is torn.

(Oh heart, my heart!)

For death alone I pray.

Sunrise on the Mountains

(TO MY SOLDIER NEPHEWS)

THE mountain peaks cast off their cloaks of dewy
mist,

And stand revealed in the pure cold light of morn ;
The shadows creep down the mountain to keep tryst
With night, to watch another day new-born.

The sun arising from his bed of rolling clouds
Imprints a burning kiss upon the virgin snows.
A roseate blush the mountain tops enshrouds,
While slowly with the pearly tint it glows.

Soon the mountain crags are bathed in golden
showers,
And glorious soar and stand before God's face.
The bird's song rings about the radiant flowers,
The sun is in the heavens, in his place.

Rest

THE last quiver of a bird's wing as it sinks to earth,
The first consciousness of a soul at birth,
Water lapping quietly on a boat's side
As we sail idly down the summer tide.

The sound of a leaf as it falls from the trees,
Country church chimes ringing in the breeze,
Lying for long hours dreaming in the sun,
The labourer plodding home when his day's work's
done.

A babe asleep on its mother's breast,
To lie close in the arms of the one you love best,
The Angel of Death's wings that beat
As he comes to stay our weary feet.

Stars

THE stars rise like a diadem above the brow of night ;
Their radiance fills the heavens as with myriad lamps
alight.

The stars are set as jewels in heaven's golden gate,
Beacons to some poor wanderer weary of crossing
swords with fate.

The stars are scattered like gold-dust from the treasure-
house of God,
In the pathways of the heavens, where angel feet
have trod.

Anemones

FLOWERS as lovely as your name,
Wind-flowers ! Your petals flame
With every colour that is known,
Which nature loves to claim her own.
Rooted in the wind-swept earth,
Whose generous soil bestowed your birth,
You turn your faces to the sun,
And the moon lights you when day is done.

Pansies

A WREATH of pansies I send to you
Washed with the early morning dew :
The purple ones for light and joy,
The golden ones for fame's envoy ;
The pale ones full of tender thought,
The dark with love and passion fraught.

Silence

THE gracious gift of silver speech Life brings,
Death comes with golden silence close beside ;
Silence, who broods with golden, throbbing wings,
Where angels stand before Heaven's gateway wide.

Speech is the silver trumpet of the mind,
Silence the golden mist that veils the soul ;
Speech is the call to war, the wintry wind,
Silence the snow-clad peak, the planet's roll.

Speech is the pricking spur to deadening sloth,
Silence the balm for labour's noble scars ;
Speech is the silver seal of earthly troth,
Silence the golden chain that guards Heaven's
bars.

Speech is the silver link that binds mankind,
Silence the wingèd prayer, the perfect praise ;
Speech is the silver key earth's gifts to find,
Silence goes with us to the starry ways.

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